

i'm here by Val-Creative

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan B., Mike W., Will B.

Pairings: Will B./Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-07-16 16:30:25

Updated: 2019-07-16 16:30:25

Packaged: 2019-12-12 19:00:33

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 626

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Will has something to say to Mike before he leaves.

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It's still morning when Jonathan drives his car out of Hawkins. All of the day's heat heightening, simmering with gnats.

Will hangs listlessly out of the passenger side window, his arm dangling, his cheeks and skin around his eyes pinkened from crying. Wild yellow geraniums appear along the side of a dirt road. Will's other hand presses down on his walkie near his mouth.

"Mike?"

He doesn't sound like himself. Robotic. Empty. Will didn't used to be like that. He was loud, and got called a shithead, and always biked ahead. Will doesn't know what himself is anymore. Ever since his mom and Hopper rescued him last year.

Mike's calm voice fizzles in. "Yeah?"

"... I don't wanna leave."

"It won't be forever. I promise."

Will's lips stretch up. Mocking a wide, false smile that his best friend cannot see.

"*Liar*," he breathes.

"Friends don't lie," Mike recites, as if he actually believes that, and Will snorts into their connection. What a bunch of bullshit.

"Lucas did. Max did. You did. I did," he admits. Will doesn't dare to look away from the window, knowing full well that Jonathan can hear him. "I've been lying to everyone, and to you..." Will chokes out an exhale, his face crumpling. "*To myself*... ..."

"That's..."

"I wanted you to look at me... the way you looked at El..." Admitting it aloud, to Mike, has Will's head feeling suddenly and violently dizzy. He shuts his eyes, tears spilling down Will's jaw. "That's all I wanted up until now." Nothing comes out of his walkie, and Will pushes his fingers through his hair, resting his cheek to the glass-window's edge. "Mike?" Will murmurs, soft as birdsong.

Nothing.

"I don't want new friends. I just want everything to go back to the way it was."

Yellow, sun-drenched flowers pass him by. Will's cheeks burn.

"Mike?"

"I hear you."

A thrum of panic bolts through Will as he glimpses a red light flashing on his walkie, startling upright.

"Mike, we're getting out of range—"

"—'m not gonna lie to you either. I can't do it anymore—" Mike's voice crackles heavily in the feedback, and Will can't tell what emotion it is. "—me and El—I think I love her—" Anguish comes like a torrent of warmth, falling out of Will's bloodshot eyes. "—but you were the first—"

Will stares down at his dying walkie, his lips parting.

"—*you were the first, Will*—"

Static cuts in.

Will doesn't realize he's sobbing until he's leaning fully back in his seat, clutching the object like a lifeline, and Jonathan pats his knee sympathetically. He can't hear what Jonathan's saying. It's like static in Will's head underneath the grief.

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Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by gooberklassen (FFN): "Will admitting his (maybe past, maybe not?) feelings to Mike before he moves away." **THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THE GOOD ANGST. UGH. LOVE THAT.** I really reeeeeeally hope you guys liked it too! Any thoughts/comments are welcomed!

((Want a request for *Stranger Things*? I'm doing 100-500 word drabbles of any friendship or romantic ship + any prompt until I feel like quitting. Rules: you need to comment here and provide a friendship or romantic ship and prompt. Please do not ask for anything with Billy Hargrove. Thank you. The only requests I'll be looking at is if you **ALSO** commented about the fic you just read as well. It's only fair. You came to this fic to read it and me doing something for you later on is a sweet bonus!))